

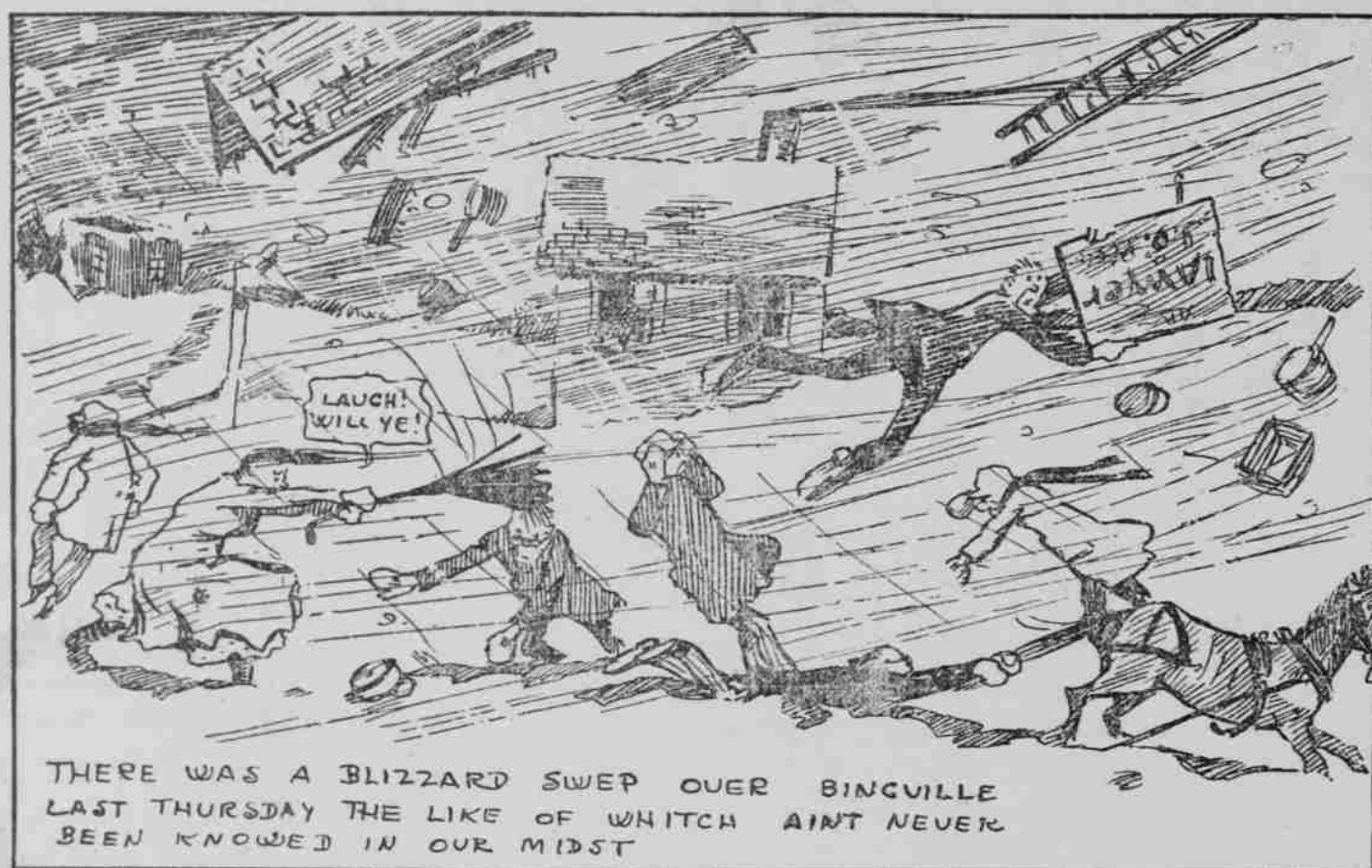
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P. S.—If we are not in leave the money with our wife next door.

BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWBIRK

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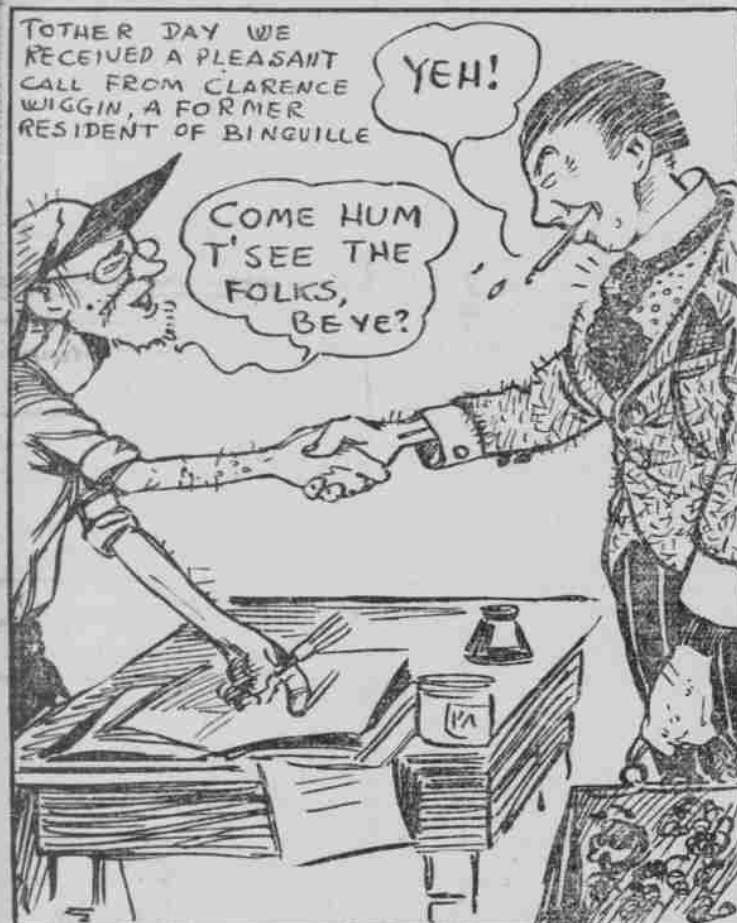
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THERE WAS A BLIZZARD SWEEP OVER BINGVILLE LAST THURSDAY THE LIKE OF WHICH AINT NEVER BEEN KNOWED IN OUR MIDST



BUD HINCKLEY STUCK HIS TUNG AGAINST THE BLADE OF THE AXE TOTHER MORNING WHEN THE THERMOMETER WAS WAY BELOW ZERO.



THE BINGVILLE BUGLE
The Leading Paper of the County
Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling

SPECIAL NOTIS.

Instid of dashing off one long, deep brain rackink eddytorial on some single subject it ockurd to us that it might be a good idee for a change to dash off say two shorter eddytorials on two separate & distinct subjects just for the sake of variety and also becuz we don't seem to be able to think up a subject important to dash off a long eddytorial about in this issue. It aint as easy to dash off a eddytorial a collum and a haff long as you might nacherly think it would be, and if some of you more ignorunter subscribers of the Bugle don't think so then try it, that's all we've got to say. Below you will find the 2 eddytorials referd to and we hope they will come up to your expectatshons.

EDITOR BUGLE.

EDDYTORIAL ON INDUSTRY

Industry is a good thing for a person to have, and it would be much better if more folks in Bingville was pervided with this vallyble comoditty. If everybuddy in this town was filled with industry Bingville would be twice as big as it is and bizzier a beehive. In fact, the common or garden variety of bee is held up to us by histry & litterclor as the emblem of industry. Soon as it gits warm enuff for bees to bizz around in the spring until late in the fall when they git so num & cold they can't skeerely fly you'll allus find a bee bizzing from daylight to dark stornin up honey and workin like a beaver. You don't never see a honey bee stoppin to loaf in the shade on a hot day. A bee won't stop for nothink except praps to sting a person who interfeers with his rights. Well, why don't you be as bizz as a bee instid of wastin your time in repinin? If you would work erly and late and make hay whilst the sun shines you would be in comfortable circumstances and independant, whereas like as not as it is you're morgaged clean up to the handle and can't skeerely raise the intrust on same. If we wasent industrious as eddytor & prop of the Bugle we would of been in the poorhouse long ago. In fact, we thort we was a going

into bankruptsy on several occasions, but by industry we have managed to keep the wolf from the door. Industry is our motto, and you'll notis that the emblem of the Bingville Bugle is a bee at the top of this page. Most of the folks in Bingville is too dadblamed lazy to come in outen the rain or git outen the shade in summer. That's why they don't amount to nothink. Now let us take up the next subject, which is:

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Somebuddy has said that "honesty is the best policy," and we persoom this is true, but according to the way some of our deadbeet subscribers acks who is back from 10 to 15 yrs on subscription, we calculate they don't take much stock in the theory. If they did they would step into our offis and pay us a few dollers on their paper and enable us to pay our honest debts. If everybuddy who owes us would pay us a couple of dollers on their back subscription we would waller in the lap of luxhury so to speak & indulge ourself in the bare necessities of life for a spell. If Hen Weathersby, prop of our general store, would conduct himself on the theory that honesty is the best policy the scales he weighs sugger and other groceries on would weigh about five ounces lighter they do at present and he wouldn't sell eggs as strickly fresh which has been in his store for weeks. Yes, honesty is the best policy, but Bingville folks don't seem to of found it out as yet.

READ THE BUGLE FOR RED HOT EDDYTORIALS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS!

Home on a Visit

We was turrible surprised tother day to receive a pleasant call at the Bugle offis from Clarence Wiggins a former resident of Bingville who left this town two yeres ago to make his mark in the world and now has a lukertive position as janitter in a big bilding at the co seat. Clarence is home on a vassit to his parents for the 1st time sinst he went away and has so changed we diddnt know who he was until he told us. He now wears a stand up collar white reaches to jest below his ears a white necktie and has creases in his pants as sharp as razors. Clarence has learn to smoke cigarets and swear almost as wicked as old Abe Wiggins his father besides menny other accomplishments too numerous to menthion. When Clarence left Bingville he was sent as dressy as he is now and diddnt roach his hair back nor wear collers high enuff to choke hisself todeath. In them days it was all his mother could do to git him to wash his face enct per wk. Civilization has done a turrible lot for Clarence but Abe his father says he cant make up his mind whether he ort to kick the boy or kill him.

BLIZZARD

That's Whot Struck Bingville Last Thursday--Bizness at a Standstill & Traffick Delayd for a Spell!--Several Narrer Escapes but No Fatalities--Sickkening Details Give Below!

There was a blizzard sweep over Bingville last Thursday the like of which aint never been knowed in our midst and we hope it wont never happen agin being as onct was enuff. Dad Henderson, our oldest inhabitant says he never seen the wind blow as it done for a few hours on Thursday and Dad has kep track of the windstorms in this town for the past 60 yrs. Thursday morning dawnd brite and fair but crisp and cold and it looked as if we was a going to have a right nise sort of a day, but along about 10 A. M. it begin to cloud up in the north-west and it wasent no time until the wind begin to blow and snow begin to snow and the blizzard begin to bliz. The roof was lifted off Cy Hoskins henhouse and landed on top of Mel Simpsons huggished 100 yds away where it is yet. It must of been a turrible surprise for Cys hens who was huddled up in the henhouse. The wood sign hangin in front of the law offis of Ame Hilver was tore out by the roots and carried clean across the st through the winder of Widder Higgins house breakin out two lights and passin right under the widders nose who was settin beside the winder knittin. Snide Petersby who is about six feet tall, thinern a rail and dont weigh no moren 110 lbs was tryin to come down at aginst the wind but was knockt flat on his back. Snide got up four differnt times but was slamed down hard agin. Finally he got scairt less the wind might git under him and blow him clean over into the next township so he crawled along the ground until he got belkin. Sim Winslows barn where he laid quiet until the worst of the blow was over. Miss Sally Hoskins left Hen Weathersbys store where she had went to purchase a spool of thread jest as the storm was at its worst. The wind blowd poor Sallys skirts around in a turrible ridicklus manner and turnd her umbrella wrong side out. Jest when this happend she met Sim Gookins who left at her which made Sally so mad she hauld off with what was left of the umbrella and hit Sim a clip over his head with it, after which she continued on her way home with her hat down over one eye until she couldnt skeerely see where she was goin. Gabe Homars wagon was standin out in the road front of his house on top of Teck Hill and blamed if the wind diddnt start the wagon down the hill. The wagon kept the road at the rate of about a mile a minnit until it come to the bottom of the hill, then it struck the bridge and jumpit into Snake Crick bustin all to stove wood. About noon the wind went down and it begin to snow and kep it up all afternoon and all nite. Next morning when our residents lookt outen their winders they seen that moren two ft of snow had fell on top off what was already on the ground so that now the snow is deep enuff to last until late next spring even if not another flake falls.

Lokal Squibs

Nise Janocary weather this, but it wont last much longer becuz it will soon be Febroary.

Next thing on the program will be Spring and it cant come too soon for us. In making this statement we persoom we voice the general sentiment of the entire community. Hoke Peters got up with a awful hedake last Sunday morning. Hoke said his head bumped and thumpit jest as if some person was hittin him with a maul and he wouldnt want a snake to have sitch a had hedake as he had. However, Hoke, theres one consolashon and that is you must have something of importance inside your head to ake or you wouldnt suffer from hedake. Mrs. Cy Hoskins had a damrin party at her residence last Thursday afternoon to which several of our most respected ladies was invited. Tea and crackers was served. The ladies said afterwards all they darned was Cy Hoskins socks and altogether they must of darned 20 prs. It looks like Cy couldnt of had a pr of socks to his name without holes in em prior to this party. Miss Phronicia Hunt of Snake Bend has been the rest of Miss Sarah Green for the past few days and the young men hereabouts is paying her a good deal of attention. In fact Sim Wilkins who is Sarah's steady has been asking to Phronicias house, jest as often sinst Miss Phronicia come to town. It would be a turrible joke on Sarah if Sim transferred his affections to Phronicia. Mrs. Matilda Dewberry while washin a tubfull of clothes last Monday had the hoops to give way on the tub which all went to staves and flooded the kitchen with wash water. But Mrs. Dewberry was ekal to the emergency--she done her wash in the dishpan. Wes Woodruff our expert hunter & trapper aint been to his traps now for two wks becuz as the snow is so deep Wes says he jest cant navigate his tran line without gittin swamped. Wes calculates when he is able to visit his traps he'll ketch quite a number of animals of various kinds. Hank Dewberry went to shake out his wood pipe in Hen Weathersbys store tother day and blamed if it diddnt slip outen his fingers and fall into the hot coals. Hank without thinkin what he was a doing reached in after it and burnt his fingers to sitch a extent that he hollerd turrible. The pipe was burnt to a cinder and now Hanks has to fall back on his old cornueb which is so strong it makes him stoic to his stunnick every time he smokes it, but there aint nothink else to do. Ras Slocomb made a trip to the co seat on bizness and pleasure one day last wk and when he returned about dusk Eh Hite who lives next door to Ras says while he was lookin out the winder he seen Ras carry somethin from the nunny to the house that looked turrible like a gal jug. Be that as it may Ras has been more sushable and talkitive sinst he come back than usual and we wouldnt wonder if there was some liquid inspiration behind it. Ras never asks none of his nabors to have a taste with him however--he's too tite for that.

Personal Jottings

Harve Hines our tonsorial barber cut his own hair tother day and made a purty good job of it except in one place where he clipit his ear with the shears until it bled. Harve says its quite a feet for a person to cut their own hair with their hands. Hen Weathersby prop of our general store is paying 30 cts per doz for eggs and cant git enny at that price. Its simply disgustin the way hens stop layin when the price of eggs is up and lay like everything when eggs is cheap. Dave White our poplar undertaker says that for all the bizness there is in his line in this town he might as well shut up shop and go into some other

bizness. Dave says if bizness dont pick up soon he calculates he'll pull up stakes and move into some lokality where good helth aint so abundant as it is here. Miss Amelia Tucker give a afternoon tea at her residence to a few of our koshial leaders among the yung ladies last Sat afternoon. Amelia poured and when she wasent lookin what she was doin missed the teacup and poured tea on Miss Hildy Wade's new saten dres probably ruinin same. Miss Hildy said thats the last afternoon tea a Amelia Tuckers which she would tend and that hereafter she hoped that Amelia would guvvern herself as cording. Bud Hinckley who aint quite right in his head done a fool trick tother morning when the thermometer was away below zero. But went out to the woodpile and stuck his tung against the blade of the axe and of course his tung stuck there and Bud hollerd and his mother run out and led Bud into the house and soaked his tung loose from the axe with warm water. Then she give Bud a good lickin until his wails could be heard all over Bingville. These is about all the personal jottings which we can scrape and rake together for this issue of the Bugle. If you think its a easy job to collect a whole mess of personal jottings sitch cold weather as this yours mistaken.

Flare Up Likely

We observe that Sam Barker dont make as menny trips over to see Minnie Hite who lives on Pea Ridge as he used to a spell ago. It was rumored that Sam and Minnie was engaged and that the nupshial ceremony would take place in the not far distant future, but from all we can lern we guess they have had a flare up and the wedding will probably be postponed indenit. Well, Sam you ort to cheer up and no go around lookin down your nose becuz the course of true love never did run very smooth & slick. And envy-nove it may be all for the best--we have heard that Minnie has a awful temper.

How are You off for Appels?

Tother day I went down cellar for somethink or other. I forget what, and while there I detected a odor which smelt like rotten appels, and when I examind my barls of appels I was disgustid to discover that theyve went and rotted turrible on me. Without further delay I went to work and sorted em all over, barl by barl, pickin out and throwin away all the rotten ones I could find. Before what appels I have left, inclooding Baldwins, Northern Spies, Russets, King Wilyums, et cetera, too numerous to menthion, all rts on me I have decided to sell these appels to whoever desires appels at a ridicklus low price. Come and buy a bushel or so before they rot on me. If you dont want that menny then buy a peck. Every little would help in a case like this. Bring your appel bag and take it home full & runnin over. We'll talk price after you get here, but please dont delay becuz these appels is rotting fast.

Sim DoOittle,
ApPel MeRchant
Bingville.

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